DOCUMENT RESUME

ED 025 538 TE 500 244

By- Kaufmann, R.J.
Metaphorical Thinking and the Scope of Literature.
National Council of Teachers of English, Champaign, Ill.
Pub Date Oct 68
Note- 17p.
Journal Cit- College English; v30 n1 p31-47 Oct 1968
EDRS Price MF-$0.25 HC-$0.95
Descriptors- *College Students, English, English Instruction, *Figurative Language, *Literary Conventions, *Literary Criticism, Literary History, *Literature, Symbolic Language, Symbols (Literary)

Both the method of the New Critics and the modern student's interest in "macro-questions" are briefly discussed by way of introduction. The primary concern of the essay, however, is for an ampler conception of metaphor. Instances of "advanced metaphorical thinking," among them More's "Utopia," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and Pascal's "Pensees," are examined to show different qualities of metaphor as these bear upon evaluation of the texts in which they occur. Other topics discussed are the similarities of various forms of metaphorical thinking and the nature of metaphor as revealed in a "dominant" metaphor of Western culture--"God is an eye." (BN)

COLLEGE ENGLISH Vol. 30 No. 1
October 1968

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH, EDUCATION & WELFARE
OFFICE OF EDUCATION

THIS DOCUMENT HAS BEEN REPRODUCED EXACTLY AS RECEIVED FROM THE PERSON OR ORGANIZATION ORIGINATING IT. POINTS OF VIEW OR OPINIONS STATED DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT OFFICIAL OFFICE OF EDUCATION POSITION OR POLICY.

ED025538

ED025538

TE 500 244

Metaphorical Thinking and the Scope of Literature

R. J. KAUFMANN

Nature has made all her truths independent of one another. Our art makes one dependent on the other. But this is not natural. Each keeps its own place.
—Pascal

No doubt Metaphors are dangerous—and perhaps especially so in philosophy. But a prohibition against their use would be a harmful restriction upon our powers of inquiry.
—Max Black

Mastery of metaphor is the one thing which can not be learned from somebody else.
Aristotle

THE WORK OF THE "NEW CRITICS" promised too much. It was a method, narrow and timely. The "New Criticism" opened eyes and it created a useful technology for training readers of complex texts, but its obligatory polemics deriving from its early stages of self-vindication became confused with a general description of the whole critical act, so that something close to the Functionalist approach promoted by anthropologists like Malinowski was gradually canonized in unwary quarters. When standardized through success "New Criticism" lost its glamor, historical critics—lifted a modest step towards verbal sophistication by their exposure to several decades of "New Critical" practice—were able to make some sort of comeback. But the excitement had fled, for there was no radical increment of novelty in this restoration, only a revisionary assimilation of a method which time had domesticated. Moreover, subsequent critical excursions into disciplines adjacent to literature have usually been raids rather than patient explorations. It is modish to possess sophisticated booty from exotic methodologies, but few of us are impolite enough to demand evidence of a native accent when these borrowings are recited.

Hence we live in a syncretistic age when a stylized Freudianism, an automatic analytical formalism, a rehabilitated notion of the genres, a tincture of Leavisite social severity, certain genealogical adaptations of Lovejoy's evolutionary techniques for tracking "ideas," and borrowed iconographical expertise in establishing "period" are mixed and matched by each practicing critic-scholar to suit his notions of procedural decorum. With a few gratifying exceptions, and despite local virtuosities, frankly, most current critical writing is intellectually slack. Somehow the old sense of engagement is gone. This is especially regrettable at a time when rigorous literary thinking on questions of a larger than rhetorical scope is once again feasible in the public realm.

Many students arrive at the university already somewhat blasè, well exposed to the mysteries of explication and adept at unpacking ironies. Such rituals don't interest them much. Their active concerns are for macro-questions having to do with matters of linkage—interpersonal,

R. J. Kaufmann teaches Intellectual History and Literature at the University of Rochester. He has published numerous essays on renaissance and modern topics.

quasi-religious and sociological. They want to know how alienation and its opposite, social communion, develop. They like to read texts that invent or fabricate world views. Their most pressing curiosities are related to their desire to discover well-founded arguments against "tuning out," or which alternately provide telling reasons for doing so. It is graceless and myopic to condemn their preference for the *lebensphilosophie* of Camus, Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, Dostoevsky, Freud, N. O. Brown and Erikson as adolescent. They have problems and aspirations different from those of us whose first intellectual engagement dates from the twenties, thirties, or forties—even, believe it or not—from those who reached their majority in the drab and depoliticized fifties. I don't suggest that we should stop studying and teaching Henry James or Milton, Pope or Hemingway—Shakespeare, of course as a transcendent genius, takes care of himself in any epoch—but we can profit from further thinking about critical method and about the way major shifts in historical climate change not only the nature of the literature which we can now produce but also the appreciability and the status of all antecedent literature as well. The epoch in which we are living—one drained of vital ideological substance—is re-stretching the scope of literature to Victorian dimensions, so that it once again includes imaginative thinking in the major non-fictional forms. Rigid, neo-traditional critical procedures tend to creak and groan when matched against these more open, generative and referential literary forms.

In this essay, I want to discuss and reason about the inner structure of some texts that are usually classified too narrowly to release their pertinence to the current generation of students and to examine this matter of psycho-cultural linkage. My primary concern will be, consequently, for an ampler conception of metaphor.

If we work close enough to the grain of metaphoric generation we can see that human use of metaphor is often constitutive, because controlled metaphorical stipulations establish the imaginative matrix for human growth. Basic metaphors mark points of vital cultural cathexsis; by stipulation, energy is invested; the stipulations provide foci for practical allegiance, and these are coordinated gradually into a field of authentic concern. Since at our innocent beginnings, we believe these conjunctions of sight and word to be presuppositionless, this network of fused metaphoric equations comes to constitute our residual, socialized self. Metaphor, at this constitutive level, then works as an instrument of cultural repression which superimposes itself between us and whatever thoughts or feelings we might have had. Metaphorical acculturation is the ground for our historicity. Such diagrammatic presentation needs expansion, exemplification and testing.

We can start by examining three instances of advanced metaphorical thinking, one each by Sir Thomas More, Kant and Pascal. The method is deliberately casual, for, in a manner consistent with the special quality of metaphor, I seek to show how something can be viewed and thought about, not to construct a proof. Each analyzed example has been chosen to display different active properties of metaphor as these bear upon evaluation of the historically crucial texts in which they occur.

Works of the imagination are greatly varied. There are many ways to classify them. Often this is done according to subject matter, sometimes by sociological domain, sometimes by rhetorical mode, sometimes by judgment of their putative truth content. Often it is by some shorthand combination of these. Suppose we seek to classify More's *Utopia*. We can say it is a fantasy—hence it is not nonfictional. We bridge this gap by saying it is in a sense symbolic, and we make

topical correlations between Hythloday's diatribes against European political mores and the events of early-modern continental history. We say it is "philosophical," by which we mean it is concerned with truths more comprehensive than its topicalities might indicate. But then we say its satiric argument is dramatized, by which we suggest that the generalities it reaches after are to that extent particularized and embodied. Hence we arrive by a kind of pendular movement at something that would do credit to Polonius's "tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited." In the process we give a warrant to every kind of methodological partiality which readers betray in their exploitation of the text. There is no important purpose served by mere categorization in the handling of a text of sufficient imaginative force to benefit the questing historian. If a way of dealing with experience has become general enough to form a readily circumscribed class, it has likely lost its initial intimate relationship to emergent historical realities, and therefore its special merit as an imaginative source.

Let me try to show a more immediate way to deal with his unusual text. The first notable pre-critical point is that More's little book is the first effort in the modern imaginative canon to conjure up a critical, wholly "other" picture of an organized human environment and to give it a physical locus in the world. The second pre-critical fact is that the *Utopia* is in two parts: the first dedicated to describing the pride-riddled and socially maimed condition of contemporary Europe: the second dedicated to a description of the non-prideful and socially healthy counter image, Utopia. The link between the two is a carefully contrived *persona*, Raphael Hythloday. We find of him that he is alienated from Europe where he refuses the role of King's counsellor for which his talents qualify him, and that he is "at home" in Utopia. In Swift's *Gulliver's Travels*, for example, such a basic division between the eulogistic and dyslogistic aspects of one's social responses is avoided. Swift's Gulliver, as it were, earns his alienation in the process of voyaging; it is not presupposed. Why, we ask, this diptych structure in the *Utopia?*

To one sensitized to metaphorical discourse the manifest "state of affairs" Hythloday reports to exist in Utopia is already latently prefigured in the adaptation More makes of one of the basic metaphors of western discourse: "life is a voyage." The *Utopia* is complex in tone, because the collision of ethical priorities which is expressed in the great dramatic poems of the late Elizabethan and Jacobean age is here only nascently active. More felt the pressure of conflicting systems for evaluating personal choices, but he resolved the dilemma before (not in) the process of composition. The two visions are juxtaposed, not dialectically interlocked. More, for all his saintliness, was not capable of wholesale repudiation of societal ties in the interests of radical salvation, he had no instinct for the kind of clear-cut resolution of priorities with which Bunyan's Christian inaugurates his pilgrimage in another imaginative rendering of the radical metaphor: "life is a voyage." It is a premise of the later book that Christian leave his family behind and go into the unknown alone, but in the *Utopia* it is the alienated Hythloday who "is not greatly concerned about" friends and relatives and who has already done his "duty towards them" who voyages to Utopia. In assigning the voyage to "nowhere" to this humanly unrelated *persona*, the issue has been dramatically prejudged. Hythloday sails as "Plato sailed" the text informs us. One might say his voyage is towards an historically irresponsible *sophrosyne*, and, being a special form of the contemplative quest, it lies across "vast deserts parched with perpetual heat of the sun. The whole region

is desolate and gloomy, savage and uncultivated, inhabited by wild beasts and serpents, and by a few men as wild and dangerous as the beasts themselves." But, in this concise valuative landscape, "As they went on, conditions gradually grew milder. The heat was less burning, the earth greener, and even the beasts less fierce" (*Utopia*, p. 3). Utopia lies in the symbolic latitudes of the Chapel Perilous; to get there the seeker passes beyond the tropical sun of mundane passions and connections (the haughty kings of Part One are identified with the sun) to the temperate zone—the green pastures beyond tension and the exposed conditions of political ambition or service. To get there one must travel without human ties. The movement of the book is away from the regal sun of pride and the deserts of expediency to another state. But it is not More who goes the journey. The complexities of his own auctorial-surrogate called "I" in the text have prompted much interesting controversy. This figure is alternately wise and foolish, sympathetic and mildly carping; he assents and then he denies. The problem dissolves once we root ourself in the basic imaginative stratum of the text. To arrive in utopia (a sort of desacramentalized, temperate condition beyond money, beyond personal attachment, beyond ethical complexity) one must make the antecedent repudiation which More was fractionally tempted to but could not make. Utopia or "nowhere" is not outside psychological actuality but it is outside moral reality for a man humanly engaged. Much in More drew him to the temperate exemptions of the Utopians, but still stronger elements in him held him back. It is no accidental feature of this economical little book that it begins (literally) in a state of homesickness when More is away from home. There is something deeply Thoreauvian in More. His "journeys" were not really ventures from home, but ways of reconciling himself to what he has and to what he is. Speaking metaphorically, the *Utopia* indicates a More who is a staff for others to lean on or perhaps a tree to shade and protect others from the harsh sun of royal caprice rather than the voyager himself. It is often claimed that there is a break in inner continuity between the More who wrote *Utopia* in 1517—a man critical of the thankless role of royal counsellor—and the older More who accepted the seal of office and died a victim of his miscalculation of his powers of suasion. An adequate respect for the metaphorical structure of his *Utopia* argues that the artistic decision to employ the alienated Hythloday as his philosophical voyager already contained his later personal decision.

Historians must work with imaginative constructions more and less formal than More's *Utopia*. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* has a lower metaphorical quotient than most crucial books, but even it affords helpful instances of the values of alertness to metaphorical cues. The notable figure of the dove's flight in the Introduction to *The Critique of Pure Reason* marries substance and attitude in a fashion pertinent to our present discussion. Kant is discussing the misleading 18th century extrapolations from post-Newtonian mathematical triumphs into realms of knowledge dependent on experience. The relevant passage runs:

> Misled (or encouraged) by such a proof of the power of reason, the demand for the extension of knowledge recognizes no limits. The light dove, cleaving the air in her free flight, and feeling its resistance, might imagine that its flight would be still easier in empty space. It was thus that Plato left the world of the senses . . . He did not observe that with all his efforts he made no advance—meeting no resistance that might, as it were, serve as a support on which he could take a stand. . . . (A5, B9)

The metaphorical structure here is of such brilliant integrity that Kant's long

and circumspect argument thereafter is in the nature of an elaboration of the implicit content of this figure, for if we recall only the obvious (not the recondite) connotations of this role we can see that what Kant's bold metaphor entails is tantamount to a new covenant, or a new dispensation. God's first major covenant with men, to Noah after the Flood, was announced by the dove. The typological heightening of this to the level—beyond just consideration—of redemption is the descent of the dove to the Holy Ghost. This "dove's" abiding presence completes the otherwise structurally incomplete guarantee of the Incarnation and Passion which has the systematic defect of being necessarily temporal and finite. Very quickly in Christian plastic thinking the dove came —by obvious analogy—to represent the soul as well and, by amalgamation with Neo-Platonic and Gnostic usage, the dove spiralling upwards towards the empyrean came to represent the successful return of the exiled soul to its eternal home. Kant's reimagining of the figure creates a disjunction. The dove can rise only to the upper limits of phenomenal experience. A little aerodynamics discredits the dove's symbolic pedigree. The metaphor's latent tone is thus one of heroic renunciation, and perhaps a fugitive confession of regret. Despite all his personal piety, Kant's philosophical judgment, as it inheres in this metaphor, announces noumenal exclusion. Our new covenant is with our own unaided strength. This reading, of course, is not intended dogmatically. It is a demonstration of a form of metaphorical inference which is possibly valuable to historians. At worst, it may sensitize us to latent or recessive indications in formal texts.

If we move from the supremely systematic imagination of Kant to a thinker equally endowed with genius but with a wholly different and altogether less comfortable purchase on existence, Pascal, we can tease out another way to read the inner dictates of metaphorical usage. Pascal's vision was fiercely alert, agitated by contradiction, tense with the fear of system as a threat to spiritual vigilance: "Jesus will be in agony even to the end of the world. We must not sleep during that time" (*Pensées* #552). Understandably his mortified spirituality found its artistic formal correlative in the discrete communiques from his beleaguered spirit which we know as the *Pensées*. They reflect his insomniac vigil, his spurts of hopes, his *ad hoc* therapy to his own fears. They are disturbingly human. Though they are obsessively about God in their explicit content, they have the perhaps not unintended emotional effect of dramatizing Pascal himself. This peculiar quality he shares with John Donne of the *Sermons* and the *Holy Sonnets*, with Tolstoy after his conversion, and with Kierkegaard. All these writers suffer acutely from what might be labelled the fear of ontological invisibility. The more they seek to aggrandize God, the more we feel that it is because they fear that His remoteness, His problematic disposition towards them quite literally threatens their actuality. They prescribe against their saturated egocentricity with such unavailing axioms of prudence as: "When we do not know the truth of a thing, it is of advantage that there should exist a common error" (*Pensées* #18). But the formulation itself guarantees the continuation of the suffering. The radical metaphor may be variously expressed but it is always the same: "Formulations are Traps"; "Building is Folly"; "Participation is Error." Under it all is the pernicious teleological fallacy, most succinctly caught in Augustine's comprehensive metaphor, "*Natus est Mortem*," that since the "end" of life in the sense of its physical termination is death, its "end" in the sense of its goal (or its summary meaning) is death as well. Once become a captive adherent to this basic metaphor any surcease, any affiliation, any local hope must be rooted out for

the "disloyalty" it is. A logically ordered circuit of metaphors is detectable, all fiercely judgmental in quality: "Human Love is Intimacy," "Intimacy is Surrender," "Surrender is Fusion," "Fusion is Ontological Obliteration," "Ontological Obliteration is Spiritual Death," "Spiritual Death is the Betrayal of Christ," "Betrayal of Christ is Denial of God," "Denial of God is Chaos," "Chaos is Entropy," "Entropy is Sleep," "Sleep is a Sweet Thing," "A Sweet Thing is Human Love" and then around the circle again, and again. How to escape this terrible situation? Interestingly Pascal, with an almost mathematical severity, resorts quite formally to a paradigm instance of metaphor—in which the process of formal isolation and replacement of relevant qualities proper to metaphorical construction is literally traced by his reasoning. In #554 in the *Pensées*, he hears Jesus address him:

> Compare not thyself with others, but with Me. If thou dost not find Me in those with whom thou comparest thyself, thou comparest thyself to one who is abominable. If thou findest Me in them, compare thyself to Me. But whom wilt thou compare? Thyself, or Me in thee? If it is thyself, it is one who is abominable. If it is I, Thou comparest Me to Myself. Now I am God in all.

This brilliantly specious instance of metaphorical displacement ends with a note of serenity otherwise absent in the *Pensées*, "Be not therefore troubled." The procedure leads quite neatly to the exclusion of all that individuates Pascal. Pascal is burnt away; God remains. The final metaphor is, as from Sinai, "Me is Me," hence, since Jesus does not sleep, when the insomniac, arbitrary "I" finally sleeps, the true "I" is not sleeping. If we turn back on the glancing and unstable brilliancies of the whole collection of the *Pensées*, we can see that they form constellations of varying radicality around the center of this wish to be subsumed into this ground of metaphorical equivalency. The quasi-political thoughts recorded in the *Pensées* have only a temporizing intention. Their aim is solely to blunt the social world's capacities for interference with this private, spiritual transaction. Many of the thoughts are registered merely to charm distracting fears. Blake's metaphor, "Folly is an endless maze," summarizes well enough Pascal's fearful reading of the sublunary world. Hence, refuse to enter the maze which is endless. To follow the inner movement of Pascal's metaphorical vigilance is to restore the original potency of the ancient notion of mortification. If we reveal that "apparent life" *is* "death," we can discover that "apparent death" *is* "life." Pascal's *Pensées* constitute a regimen for ontological visibility, they have no larger social or political significance. The humanly constituted world seen through Pascal's fierce obsessive gaze is denuded of legitimate signification, there are only regulative "common errors"; he refuses to make one in the communal reification rituals. But to gain this perspective he has to put out his human eyes. Joseph Conrad says memorably that, "The serenity of truth and the peace of death can only be secured through a *largeness of contempt* embracing all the profitable servitudes of life." Pascal's contempt lacked this "largeness," he was too puzzled and fascinated by the "carelessness" of unthinking humanity not to envy them their exemptions from torment. He could neither see what they saw in ordinary existence nor wholly ignore the fact of their pleasure in these things. Hence the absence of serenity. Though officially a Roman Catholic and polemically useful to one wing of that faith, Pascal's personal position, as revealed by his metaphorical addictions, is radically heretical. Metaphorical habits betray the social compass of the thinker-artist's basic position. These could perhaps be arranged in a table of quotients of socio-political commitment. Sir

Thomas More, Kant and Pascal vivify by their radical allegiances variable areas of human endeavour. This is one way of looking at practical faith.

Now, I want to take a more formal look at what various forms of metaphorical thinking have in common.

II

The heretic is he who has personal ideas.
—Bossuet

We can make a sequence of three separate, aphoristic statements—each in itself a little opaque, but mutually illuminating when conjoined: Nietzsche's, "Error is parent of all vitality"; Vaihinger's "Metaphor is the most expedient form of error"; and Kafka's "All human errors are impatience, a premature breaking off of what is methodical, an apparent fencing off of an apparent thing." This sequence of statements offers us a new way of considering the truism that "To err is human," for, in one sense, "error" is man's talented interference with the inherited coherencies of the social and natural order with the aim of making new and useful wholes of these dismembered parts. Thus viewed, metaphor is a product of our need to invent lesser, more manageable coherencies for our cultural benefit, as we piece and repiece our shifting experience into a habitable communal vision. Metaphorical activity is thus a way of contradicting what has seemed self-evident, "of what is methodical," in the conventional view. If it is not merely wanton, this imposition of new "errors" in description or categorization through cogent metaphors is as socially useful as it is inevitable given the multitude of private perspectives that must be fused to make a common culture. Where metaphorical innovation succeeds it makes initially arbitrary formulations come to seem necessary thereafter to people thinking in that language. What is in Kafka's provocative phrase "an *apparent* fencing off of an *apparent* thing" comes *to be* a very real thing to those whose imaginative experience is thereafter constructed in its terms. By being attentive to this creative way of using metaphor artistically and anthropologically, we can perhaps tease out some assumptions to help bridge the methodological gap between current literary and historical thought. This requires abandoning "copy" or rhetorical theories of metaphor in favor of one more sensitively attuned to the problems confronting us when we seek to organize our practical, cultural experience. In this realm—one common to theorists, lawgivers and imaginative artists—metaphor functions as a great type of normative device, one which through controlled stipulation, creates and sustains patterns of meaning.

Metaphor is confusingly pervasive. Most non-analytical propositions which join an objective predication to a subject by use of the verb "to be" could be fruitfully considered as metaphor. But, the net must not be thrown too wide, for where all remains metaphorical there is no selective building up of the coral reef of logically unjustified relationships which is the substratum of confident social intercourse. Socially established metaphoric patterns are as notable for the kinds of similitudes the users ignore, as for the metaphorical stipulations emphasized. The virtual omnipresence of a harmonizing substratum of cultural metaphorical habit can be inferred from the disorienting effects of reading a deeply original writer like Franz Kafka.

On first reading Kafka, the thoughtful reader feels, before intellectually he can grasp, that Kafka's ominous simplicity and local coherence is induced by a willful, neurotic clarity which calls the normal operations of metaphor into question. This disquieting sense of seeing the familiar world dereified, can be explained if we see it as a personalized equivalent of "cultural shock." Kafka's essential citizenship is of another country, one recessed far into the time of childhood.

Though his German is limpid, and his observation of particulars is undistorted, the emotional idiom is foreign to the occasion. Ancient private obsessions tend to reabsorb all subsequent apparent novelties which Kafka's intimate *persona* encounters. Thus we come to feel that for K what are objectively "new" objects and "new" events are to be seen as disguised variants of one real or primal thing, they have only contingent reality as slippery replications of the rigid typology of unexposed private memories. All is definite but meaning is fugitive. We are overwhelmed by a sense of undiagnosed abnormality, not in discrete perceptions, but in the first processing of the receipts of a perceptual apparatus of exceptional refinement. We must turn towards the normal ordering of these things to diagnose the problem.

Normal metaphorical activity accords a quotient of reality to the subject being seized *and* to the compared object through which the subject's newly defined quality is apprehended; in Auden's line, "Doom is dark and deeper than any sea dingle" the radical metaphor, "Our fate *is* a step-walled, narrow valley in the bottom of the sea" requires a quick pendular movement of the imagination to and from the complex content of the simple abstraction, "doom" or "personal fate" and the remote and awesome physical locale imputed as correlative to it. A little knowledge of each term enlarges the force of the two in relation to each other, as the deep, unpeopled valley becomes claustrophobic when we put an actor there. It had no such quality of itself.

Kafka's way is different. Our corporate human need to see a qualified sameness where the uninitiated mind sees only difference, is opposed by Kafka's imaginative habits. Each metaphorical predication is valueless in itself, it is merely a disguise. The most telling commentary on this is Kafka's own haunting statement in his little known "Conversation with a Suppliant":

> I have only such a fugitive awareness of things around me that I always feel they were once real and are now fleeting away. I have a constant longing, to catch a glimpse of things as they may have been before they show themselves to me.

He adds something which constitutes a desperate acknowledgement of the necessity for a practical cloture rule to stabilize our imaginative relationships to the unending range of things we wish to speak of, "it's like being seasick on dry land. It's a condition in which you can't remember the real names of things and so in a hurry you fling temporary names at them . . . But you've hardly turned your back on them before you've forgotten what you called them. A poplar in the fields which you called 'the tower of Babel,' since you either didn't or wouldn't know that it was a poplar, stands wavering anonymously again, and so you have to call it 'Noah in his cups'."

What Kafka's mental style excludes is not artistic coherence—his work is oppressively self-consistent—but the possibility of a publicly intelligible or culturally shareable vision. His imagination captivates ours, it doesn't enlarge. It is the social nature of metaphor which his work calls into question. This is crucial, for while metaphors begin usually in the very confined perceptions of very special people, they are of lasting utility only when these "errors" of the private mind are by cultural expropriation preferred to the "correct" views they contradict. Great literature is normally seminal in its power to dramatize the animating conflicts of its culture in such a way that its metaphorical formulations of these are received thereafter as basic. Kafka can, by a kind of usurpation of the imagination, recruit less gifted fellow sufferers into the prison-world of his own vision, but he can give them no social landscape to occupy in their own person with a license to develop. There is nothing constitutive in his artistic warrant.

Literature moves between *imagistic* and *metaphorical* extremes in its use of its distinguishing figurative language. Image and metaphor, far from being nearly the same, are functionally and dispositionally almost opposite. Imagism pushed to the ultimate becomes radical expressionism in narrative, radical impressionism in forms which are more instantaneous, like the lyric and the "mood novel." To practice imagistic writing is to be as passive as possible and thereby to escape the Humean obligation to judge even as one breathes. This technical disposition carred over into drama or prose narrative has some extremely revealing by-products, but, without the structural sizing of more conventional external standards, it tends to run into the sands of dadaism and other varied forms of artistic solipsism. Imagism presupposes a passive receptivity, and humorless orthodoxy in its usage produces the tedium, say, of Dorothy Richardson's five volume, stream of consciousness novel, *Pointed Roofs*. If imagism is the sovereign resort of anti-intellectual artists, metaphor is not. Metaphor, at its uttermost limits, culminates in overt didacticism, and systematic metaphorical discourse can be reduced to a progressive sequence of mutually qualifying judgments. Pure imagism is the ultimate technical mode of a romantic, radically individualistic era; one enamoured of the flux, yet garrulously fearful of submergence within it. More or less bald metaphor, however, is the favorite mode of a self-consciously communal, rule-making, consolidating era. In such an era men are anxious to inhibit the flux and thereby to stabilize their reading of events. Consequently, they use intellect to force a reductive pattern of coherence onto the superfluity of sensations, commitments, and chances with which nature and the social machine might otherwise oppress them.

The basic form of imagism may be stated as "This is this, and, then, this is this, and this is this," until the *is* copula becomes merely a traditional survival or interloper from a syntactical (i.e., a partly analytical) way of thinking and seeing. Imagistic discourse is, more correctly, paratactical. Things are placed edge to edge in an endless polysyndesis, namely, "This and this and this and this and this . . . ." Metaphor, I hardly need to say, does not work like this at all. It rests on the standard formulation: "This is that," or "A this is a that." Mature dramatic fictions fuse these two modes into a realized symbolic form which can be rendered as "This is this *and* that," working presentationally and discursively at once. In such work we are stimulated to see events vividly and discretely at the same time the artist is qualifying and directing our judgments of them. He is intellectually processing the materials we seem to be discovering as we watch.

Thus metaphor involves more or less purposive distortion or falsification of an antecedent perception of likeness. The perceived likeness is only partial and can be made apparent. Metaphorical initiative depends on a talent for abstraction or the capacity to adduce likeness and class similarities in the absence of pure instances of indenticality.

The holistic psychologist, Kurt Goldstein, working with brain-damaged patients, provides a neat clinical instance of an absence of metaphorical efficiency, involving an incapacity to recognize, understand, or produce metaphor. In his work this failure of the abstracting faculty is physiological, but it can be occasioned by other means than direct brain damage: stupidity, excessive zeal, fear, pride, obsession, and cultural repression among them. Goldstein discovered many brain-damaged patients could not *name* objects like a knife or an umbrella, or identify colors like red, though they could *use* these words in relation to concrete situations, where the object was seen as a functioning element in the scene

presented to them. They could use the words as specific images but not when the question of membership in a class was at stake. The patients could use the objects correctly as well. They simply couldn't conceive of implicit properties and compare them. These same patients could not understand the simplest metaphors and lost the thread of any discourse in which even defunct metaphors lurked. The ability to follow formal metaphorical discourse undoubtedly rests on the sharing of an intact group of previously learned metaphorical abstractions derived from one's cultural situation. Metaphor is an indispensable pedogogic and normative device, focussing attention on arbitrarily accentuated features of larger activities or forms.

Designating metaphor as the main resource of the verbal technology whereby we build up the shareable *Weltanschauung* on which cultures rest pushes Edward Sapir's key generalization about language and society one step closer to the creative process. He and Benjamin Whorf sought to show, with fascinating illustration, that

> Human beings do not live in the objective world alone, nor alone in the world of social activity as ordinarily understood, but are very much at the mercy of the particular language which has become the medium of expression for their society. It is quite an illusion to imagine that one adjusts to reality essentially without the use of language and that language is merely an incidental means of solving specific problems of communication and reflection. The fact of the matter is that the "real world" is to a large extent unconsciously built up on the language habits of the group. . . . We see and hear and otherwise experience very largely as we do because the language habits of our community predispose certain choices of interpretation.

There are certain implicit or ground metaphors upon which our experience rests and which in times of psychic vacuity or stress tend almost to think our thoughts for us—exceedingly simple, dramatic ways of seeing the larger pattern of events which limit our sense of choice, sensitize our attention, color and determine the range of our mood. Leo Spitzer, the late eminent Romance philologist, reminds us, that in spite of Copernicus, we still say "the sun rises" or "sets" and

> In Neo-Greek the phrase "the sun is setting" is rendered by "the sun is enthroned like a king," in Rumanian by "the sun enters into sainthood." In both cases the splendor and the glory of the natural phenomenon are interpreted in terms of the human-superhuman splendor characteristic of Byzantine art. . . . Language is not satisfied with denoting factual contents, but forces the speaker to adopt certain metaphysical or religious interpretations of the world which the community may have learned to deny. These obsolete conceptions remain latent in the language: just as Aeneas when all hope was lost carried his father out of burning Troy on his shoulders, so we tend to espouse our forefathers' beliefs and words in any emergency—when we react atavistically. . . .Voltaire has a libertine Swiss colonel pray in the stress of battle: "God, if you exist, save my soul, if I have one!"

Behind the Rumanian figure for the sunset rests the radical, macrocosmic judgment, or metaphor, "life is a pligrimage," and, from this matrix derive the metaphorical formulae: God *is* an active judge; death is a reward; the soul is a bride. All these equations are to be visualized as ceremonial scenes, and all are readily rewoven into a theological fabric.

A conditioned repertoire of metaphors enables us to do public thinking and to derive socially usable responses out of our feelings. The ability to think metaphorically is the ultimately visualizable equivalent of the dialectical process in the realm of conceptual discourse. How closely the two overlap can be seen from

a deliberately pictorial reading of Plato's *Symposium*. By enabling us to think with preconditioned fluency this circumstance fosters naive dogmatism. The gravitational efficiency of a metaphorical field, thus, has its dangers, for metaphor as it is practiced is what Cassirer calls "a methodological hybrid." This is its strength, for thus it fuses different orders of things, but this is also its weakness; born of "fruitful error" it invites conventional error as well.

Metaphor is symbol in its instrumental phase employing the basic pattern, "A this is a that": "My love is an unfading rose," "God is a lamb," "Life is a mist of error," "Sin is death," "Hamlet is Prince of Denmark." The cogent simplicity of metaphor conceals its most dangerous fault. The metaphorical examples differ importantly in their inclusiveness. The use of the copula, "is," can easily be confused in the mind with an "equals" mark. It can be understood as an assertion of an expressive partial similarity; it can also be misunderstood as a statement of identity, or, even worse, as a confident assertion of essence. If we adhere to the properly instrumental function of metaphor we recognize the "is" is proximate and elliptical and hence probably inaccurate for anything other than the compressed, contextual function it is meant to fulfill. "Sin is death" is a linchpin proposition within an imaginative context almost as wide as western culture itself. "Hamlet is Prince of Denmark," on the other hand, is a contingent equation indicating one-half of the most interesting artistically organized dilemma in our cultural heritage. It is a statement at once asserted and tested within the particular group of mutually qualifying verbal facts we call Shakespeare's *Hamlet*.

The conventional affirmation "Caesar is a great man," when analyzed in similar fashion, is seen to be an expressive fiction indicative of parallel qualitative inferences, exactly analogous, though of very different public consequences, to the lover's sweet illusion, "Juliet is a pearl." "Is" in each of these examples measures a different degree of ellipticality. Some would even deny metaphorical status to propositions like "Caesar is a great man" on the grounds that it is simply an abstract predication asserting a non-imagistic opinion. This is a costly error, for it lets slip one of the most momentous aspects of metaphor. In some languages, as in Semitic ones, there is no syntactical necessity for the copulative verb in a statement of this kind. One simply speaks appositively: "Hamlet, Prince of Denmark;" "my love's belly, a bushel of grain;" "O Lord, our dwelling place." One knows he is marking an attribute, indicating a possible relationship or expressing comparative values. No one, as we constantly do in English, is likely to reverse the proposition. No one is likely literally to substitute a house or dwelling place for God, or address lyrics to a bushel of wheat, but this confusion occurs frequently in analytic language, as recently with "Eisenhower was a good president." Since the predicated category "good president" is difficult to supply with content, the standard expedient is to move from the puzzling abstraction "good president" to the comforting particular—the kindly, Bavarian peasant's face of Eisenhower. Through this circumstance of reversibility, Eisenhower becomes a *concrete symbol* of what could not otherwise be defined. What is a good president? Why, "A good president *is* Eisenhower." And then, in the face of future uncertainties, we can always cite this definitional instance. This process indicates what it is to "cultify" someone, so that his *name* ceases to be a proper noun and is transposed into the category of common noun or generic term—thus becoming a cultural symbol. This process unifies the most interesting stratum of poetic statement in Shakespeare's play *Julius Caesar*. In that play, after his assassination, the energy of Julius Caesar's vital presence passes into

the name Caesar and thereby indicts as imposters all who seek the role now expropriated by his name. Finally, in the play, the expressive and annihilating tautology "Caesar is Caesar" is confirmed by the dying Cassius and Brutus as their terminal suicidal insight.

Metaphor is a two-edged verbal tool and hence is most safely employed in relatively specific imaginative tasks. Metaphor is best understood as that particular phase of symbolic activity which directs attention, delimits reference, and relates private desire to public necessity. Metaphor is to the need for codified or normalized values, to public ways of seeing and feeling, what laws are to science and general concepts are to discursive thinking. Metaphor simplifies what would otherwise be too complex to evoke a normative response. This operates from advertising slogan substitutions of some crude reduction of the object for the object itself, such as "scent *is* sex," ever upward in spirals of increasing sophistication till it reaches to emblematic cultural axioms like "King Louis is the Sun," or to the use of qualifying epithets for Homeric heroes who personify the *arete* of their society. If a man is to act as a symbolic gathering point in a culture he has to restrict the imaginable predications his subjects or followers usually make. This process can be revealingly studied in a dominant metaphor of Western culture, one of incalculable value, though only periodically explicit: "God is an eye," which is the root metaphorical statement of the *idea* we call Providence.

III

Alles Vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichnis.
—Goethe, *Faust*

In the *Iliad* a standardized group of epithets act, like the mutual qualifying images of a poem, to make a poetic simplification of each hero. The hero becomes like a poem, more intelligible, less mutable in seeming, more memorable by virtue of these contrived simplifications of his nature. The epithets place themselves between us and any interest we might have in a more casual, fuller view of what the hero is or what he experiences. We can see vividly in the Homeric poems what is not so visibly true otherwise: a man "means" nothing until we learn how to "read" him. Children often "read" heroes wrongly; witness innumerable variants on the folk tale of the emperor's new clothes, since the naive child can't yet "read" the public idiom of conditioned blindness. There is a common histrionic tendency in all those ethical systems which aggressively cultivate self virtue, excellence, or honor. The *arete* of the Homeric hero could not become subject for thought without the rapacious memories of the bards who processed the raw, transitory exploits of a Diomedes or an Ajax into the lasting stuff of formalized verbal statement.

These poets were delegated to represent the symbolic actions of men who were already partly symbolic, i.e., already recognizable counters in the ritualized game of aristocratic militarism. Insofar as war is ritualized and episodic, insofar as it has self-conscious protagonists who discuss their own destiny as later men will speak of their medical symptoms or their love affairs, the society's life is fabular and narrative. And, if life *is* an unfolding narrative, it is being looked at and "read." Its readers are the gods. The gods in Homer are imperfectly attentive and imperfectly admirable, but if we say they are not very admirable what we mean is that unlike the providential deity of Judeo-Christian story they are deceivable witnesses. They do not attend full-time to their duty of surveillance. It is no accident that, already in Homer, Athena is superseding other members of the pantheon in importance, for one of the easiest ways to characterize Athena is to say she can concentrate. She has few confusing passions. She can attend to her own; her gaze is grey-eyed and steady. Nearly all

the iconographic paraphernalia that comes to be associated with Athena has to do with seeing: mirrors, owl eyes, invisibility etc. She is partly abstracted though still anthropomorphic. The special epic pathos of the *Iliad*, and all sensitive readers have remarked it, can be distinguished somewhat like this: the gods often do watch man's actions, and their attention converts what would otherwise be mere brutish encounters into moral issues.

But, though the wavering attention of these gods bestows an unmistakable importance on men's actions, it does not perfectly ennoble them. The Homeric gods have too many interests of their own, and they have too many ulterior vantage points, too many different ways in which their involvement in men's affairs can be explained. They are imperfectly objective witnesses, for they are themselves corrupt in numerous ways. How, then, is man in his moments of great ethical self-expenditure to know they are attentive, and, if attentive, that they can comprehend the beauty, delicacy, or courage of his act? The Olympian activity of seeing has not as yet incorporated into itself a further metaphorical sense of "seeing," as the Christian God "sees" into the innermost crannies of the soul. Divine viewing of human activities in the *Iliad* is still essentially an act of physical attention. Furthermore, how are witnesses who haven't the capacity for death really to understand the nature of heroic choice which presupposes the possible renunciation of everything, resting, as it does, on the "incompossibility" of two or more simultaneously pursued courses? For the gods who live forever, to choose is not, as it must be for men, to eliminate or negate. Zeus's endless *amours* are the graphic expression of this fact. The gods' agelessness, their energy, their limited number, their imperfectly realized symbolic significance, suggest that they can combine and recombine in different permutations and thereby achieve many significances. "God is an eye" is not yet abstracted enough in Homer to escape the anthropomorphized opportunities and distractions implied by the gods' assigned roles as sentient beings.

So, there is a strong compensatory humanistic drive in the *Iliad* which can be defined as the desire of these heroes to perform before a watching spectatorhood of men as yet unborn, rather than solely before the gods. But, still, the actors in the *Iliad*, contrary to the German Romantic dogmas about their ingenuous simplicity, are very self-conscious, very deliberate performers. They are *actors* not in a story but in the heroic fable that *is* their life. They live by being seen, for Olympian and bardic seeing is the guarantor of memory, and this cogent visual memory, which translates them into intelligible metaphor, establishes their being for themselves and for us.

When a society's self-consciousness is excited by its own accomplishments or by its fear of extinction, literature is most vivid, and literary activity commands the most vital intelligence. At such times, prophets, seers, vatic poets, and allowed fools who bring an alternative vision of things, as surrogates for the watching deity, are given the best hearing. One example can serve for many. The prophet Nathan's confrontation of the erring King David prototypifies explicitly dramatized metaphor, or parable. Parable has been the pedagogic weapon of all great imaginative innovators. David saw Bathsheba, the beautiful wife of Uriah the Hittite, one of his soldiers, bathing on a roof near his palace. He wanted her. To bring off the seduction safely, he shamefully contrived the death of her brave husband in the most callous and ignoble fashion.

> And the Lord sent Nathan unto David. And he came unto him and said. . . . There were two men in one city; the

> one rich and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds: but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had brought and nourished up . . . and was unto him a daughter. . . . And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him; took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him. And David's anger was greatly kindled against the man; and he said to Nathan, as the Lord liveth, the man that hath done this thing shall surely die . . . because he did this thing, and because he had no pity. And Nathan said to David, thou art the man.

This is the use of parable in its most direct and pure form. First, it is like a syllogism in which the selected target of the story supplies the missing conclusion only to have a new middle term substituted by the teller once the pattern is clear. The major premise has been stated by the culture, but it has been forgotten. Second, what Nathan does as the agent of a moral, observant deity is to simplify the passionate variety of David's character enough so that David can see what he "*is*," not how he felt. It is an act of abstraction which culminates appropriately in the neat metaphorical compression of David, the sinful individual, into what David the political person hates, so that "Thou *art* the man" reads as the radical metaphor, "He *is* I." Third, the vexed question of what we mean by "fictional identification" with the protagonist or with the social order in a story, or in an historical episode (a transaction crucial to the arousing of necessary imaginative sympathy) is here illuminated. The hearer or reader identifies not across a broad, multiform human front but across the narrow bridge of controlled metaphorical equivalency. Metaphor defines relevant but denied components in the complex self through affective simplification. Here again metaphor is seen as a form of directive abstraction.

Not all literary use of metaphor has the urgent clarity of the Nathan parable. Much of the finest literature works not with fully explicit metaphor, but rather with implicit or structural metaphor or through thematic analogues. The prismatic original figure which is refracted through the work has to be inferred from the group of facts or attitudes visible in the work. Shakespeare, as usual, affords a telling example.

Othello is the most highly compressed and tightly organized of Shakespeare's great plays, so nearly everyone repeats. Yet many critics question the relevance of particular sequences, scenes, and subelements, as the careful accounts of the Turkish fleet, or the meticulous inspection of the castle fortifications which interrupts the climactic action. The function of these elements in the play's larger design can be readily determined by isolating the play's basic, or gathering metaphor, one never directly expressed but constantly ramified. The metaphor itself equates a highly abstract cultural disposition, faith, to a perfectly visualizable concrete structure, a citadel. This conjunction is not arbitrary. It is traditional in Christian emblematic thinking, and moreover, faith is in its own way as concrete as a citadel, though it is ontologically different. The equation may be read either way, for psychologically understood, one's personal citadel is a very abstract notion. The play's radical, submerged metaphor can be stated: "Faith is a Citadel." Such analysis does not distract from *Othello* as an immensely powerful love story. An otherwise sordid police dossier crime is universalized by the revealed pattern of various modes of undermining faith: subverting that particular kind of faith we call love; wrecking another kind we call responsibility; until many smaller and smaller analogues are seen to be subsumed imaginatively under this central

imaginative equation, the truth and content of which the play seeks to realize.

Othello then is a profound imaginative inquest into the failure of a key cultural metaphor to sustain one noble individual. Othello is movingly, ironically, terrifyingly wrong, for he failed to see it was Desdemona's faith that was his citadel, not his own poor insecure ramparts. When he says "My life upon her faith," he should rather say "Her life upon mine. She is secure in my care; my citadel is safe for the faithful girl." *Othello* is a tragedy of damnation, because this error exists objectively in the world of the play, where a God who grasps, with clear-eyed constancy, the difference between true and false faith is the guarantor of the possibility of a valid faith. His "objective" presence as a qualified perceiver, a "knowing eye," ultimately establishes our sense of the play's exceptional solidity. *Othello* is, at base, a mature, realized metaphoric statement which asserts "This is this *and* that." We see with a totally sustained irony that Desdemona is a citadel and she *is* not; Othello *is* faithful and he *is* not.

One might suppose the metaphor, "God is an eye" outmoded, but it infiltrates the most sophisticated circles. Modern French existentialists—notably Sartre—in their literature of "extreme situations" have worked out some ultimately Stoic refinements of this metaphor. The "Eye of God" becomes in their usage not an expression of wrath, or conscience, or of a social contract between Lord and vassal, but a witness who is a knowing accomplice of the lonely hero by virtue of His qualifications as an ethical connoisseur.

This current usage is of Stoic ancestry. For the Stoic, living in isolation *in hostium terra* (in the compromised world of specious values and habitual evil), the essential attribute of Providence (the watching eye) was not its jealous surveillance nor its punitive gestures in case of ethical lapse. This is the Hebraic and Puritan acceptance of the metaphor. For the Stoic, "God's eye" guaranteed a qualified audience. Truly heroic acting would be appreciated by a judge sufficiently discriminating to invite man's best efforts. This provides an invitation to cosmic as opposed to social histrionics. Stoicism is supremely snobbish, supremely self-centered, it is always composing the scene, appraising and reflecting on the latent possibilities of the composed role. Seneca, the most self-conscious of the Stoics, can supply our evidence.

The initial argument of his treatise *De Providentia*, written to answer the age-old question "Why, if a Providence rules the world, it still happens that many evils befall good men?," is that the gods, like serious fathers with promising sons, are interested in strengthening the moral fiber of promising men; the weak are not of much interest to them; so they let them play. Therefore, the good have to struggle, because by rising to this test they are made stronger,—and because, implicitly, (and later the Calvinists are to cash this) their being made to struggle is an earnest of their superiority. Seneca, while using this commonplace explanation of evident misery and undeserved pain, is too intelligent not to doubt its adequacy. It is easy to imagine a good God arranging it otherwise. Seneca's answer is revealing, "for my part, I do not wonder if sometimes the gods are moved by the desire to behold great men wrestle with some calamity." He supplies an analogy from the great theatrical spectacle of the Roman arena, where men are "stirred with pleasure if a youth of steady courage meets an onrushing wild beast. . . . And the more honourable the youth who does this, the more pleasurable the spectacle becomes." But, such pastimes as this analogy affords are too childish for the gods. "A contest worthy of God, is a brave man matched against ill fortune, and doubly so if his also was the challenge (*utique si et provocavit*)."

The suicide of the younger Cato provides apt illustration, "I do not know, I say, what nobler sight the Lord of Heaven could find on earth, should he wish to turn his attention there, than the spectacle of Cato, after his cause had already been shattered more than once, nevertheless standing erect amid the ruins of the commonwealth." Though all the world is Caesar's, Cato's life is his own, and he can win freedom through suicide. Seneca is moved by the imagined spectacle, and his language is eager, "I am sure that the gods looked on with exceeding joy (*Liquet mihi cum magno spectasse gaudio deos*)." Cato failed to kill himself with the first sword thrust and had to rip open his wound to die, because "it was not enough for the immortal gods to look but once on Cato. Surely, the gods looked with pleasure upon their pupil as he made his escape by so glorious and memorable an end."

Here the metaphor, "God is an eye," has undergone an intense specialization without any alteration of its basic structure. Cato is so eagerly *seen* from the vantage point of the watching deity, while being so strongly *felt* from the harassed Seneca's position in Nero's terrible court, that he is literally imagined to have been asked for or permitted a suicidal encore. The rich metaphorical situation has been literally transposed to the theater.

Metaphor, as an abstracting device, gives us a means to distill permanence from our own and others' evanescence. It makes us, as well as things, partly into symbols which, being caught in the warp and woof of society's language network, give us insurance against the time to come as well as stylized, intelligible reality in the present. By this means, what we do *is* understood and it *is* meaningful. In times like Seneca's and our own, when the social order supplies too few gratifying public metaphors to sustain men, private life is made meaningful by postulating a bored god who "reads" our set of life gestures to gratify himself. We can deify the most discerning part of our own intelligence and make ourselves an eye so as to observe like James Joyce's or Sartre's heroes our own artful pilgrimage—every man his own attentive Christ. One does not have to "believe" anything to benefit from a cultural metaphor like "God is an eye."

National and period styles within Western culture considerably depend on artistic adaptation of these highly abstract, cultural metaphors to local, visually manageable figures suitable to the time. In Samuel Beckett's spectral and static dramatic world God's eye is glaucous at least, and the blurred conceptual field of Beckett's work is more intelligible if we view it thus. Culturally determining metaphors have twin properties: they are clear and imaginable in themselves, and they allow for expressive and ironic ramification. They act as a means of self-definition for individuals and groups; they establish useful equations between crucial moral abstractions and available visual experience; they may be reversed, construed ironically from both ends, and inwardly explored—almost anything but discarded. The most profound social creativity consists in the invention and imposition of new, radical metaphors; it also and more often consists in adapting old metaphors to the current energies of a culture.

Even quite private lyric and reflective poets like Emily Dickinson and Wallace Stevens characteristically organize their tautest poems around invisible, recessed metaphors, and these metaphors are in the nature of judgments conditioned by the larger historical circumstances of their epoch and social locale. Obsessed artist-thinkers like Nietzsche and Strindberg subtly distort standard figures and their artistic perspective is reconditioned by such occurrences. For both of them "Life is a journey" becomes "Life is an ambush baited by pity," and nearly all their qualitative assertions are recast ac-

cordingly. The catalogue of possibilities is endless. Our vaunted contemporary criticism started from rededication to the text with the aim of discovering what is peculiarly *there* in terms of the unique verbal network of the poem or fiction.

This preoccupation with the compositional techniques of art has often produced dishearteningly prosaic descriptions of surfaces while avoiding more interesting, and harder, questions of art's organizing principles at molecular levels. As a cultural activity, great art is not to be seized by rhetoricians with any of their consecutive methods. The point of original incandescence for a work of art is its first pregnant and often unexpressed metaphor, the rest is second-order elaboration. The radical metaphor is the lens which creates the contemporary perspective we otherwise will lack. If historians are obliged to seek witnesses, we need to know how to *see* with these witnesses so as not to make their testimony into a kind of enfeebled hearsay. At this point in the development of modern analytical skills the ancillary means afforded by matured social sciences, married to the conventionally trained literary critics' often unanchored expertise in rhetorical strategies, can foster a more adequate etiology of metaphorical process.

"PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THIS COPYRIGHTED MATERIAL HAS BEEN GRANTED BY The National Council of Teachers of English TO ERIC AND ORGANIZATIONS OPERATING UNDER AGREEMENTS WITH THE U.S. OFFICE OF EDUCATION. FURTHER REPRODUCTION OUTSIDE THE ERIC SYSTEM REQUIRES PERMISSION OF THE COPYRIGHT OWNER."

COPYRIGHT, 1968, BY THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF TEACHERS OF ENGLISH